# ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

## AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

*Vol. XVIII.* *Philadelphia, July 13, 1839.* *Whole No. 937.*


The following Stanzas we select from the "*Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine*," from the pen of one of the sweetest writers of the day. They are exquisitely finished, and are full of pathos and beauty.

### CONSUMPTION.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

All through the dreary winter months
We nursed her lovely form,
And trembled at the slighest gale
Or threatening of a storm.
How solemnly we guarded her,—
How tearfully caressed—
And oh! with what an anxious gaze
We watched her troubled rest!

And when the searching winds of March,
Swept by with moaning sound,
How *still* became our hearts with fear,
How pale each face around.
And eagerly—yet half afraid,
We marked the slighest change,
And fancied in her tones of love
A cadence sadly strange.

We could not bear to see her fade—
To note her failing voice,
E'en though its murmured melody
Still faltered out—rejoice!
Her eyes looked larger than of yore,
Her brow more purely white;
And oh! we shuddered when she held
Her hand against the light.

That hand was tremulous and thin,
Yet oft, when tears we shed,
She pressed it tenderly in turn
Upon each drooping head!
O she was lovelier every hour,
And dearer every day,—
And made our lowly home a place
For angel guests to stay!

But winter storms at length were gone,
The flowers began to bloom,
And as she stronger grew, a light
Broke in upon our gloom,
And joy too deep for words to tell
Was ours, one balmy day—
It was the softest and the last
Of the sweet month of May:—

We bore her gently to the shade
Of an old, favorite tree,
We placed her on the very spot
Where she had wished to be.
We wept sweet tears of gratitude,
And smiled with strange delight,
To see how freshly bloomed her cheek
And how her eyes grew bright.

And one—the youngest of our band,
Twined roses for her hair;—
And merrily our mirth ran out
Upon the pleasant air.
*Then*, when our hearts were full of hope,
E'en *then* she bowed her head,
And with a blessing on her lips
Her lovely spirit fled!

Yes! in that very home of life,
That seemed but made for bloom,
Death in our midst unheeded stood,
And claimed her for the tomb.
We put the red-rose garland off—
It was but mockery there,
And gathered half-blown buds of white
To place upon her bier.

We had no words to tell our woe—
We were too sad to speak,
As one by one, we pressed a kiss
The *last*—upon her cheek.
And since when all around are gay,
And birds are on the wing,
We hasten to our loved one's grave
With the first flower of spring.

## WINE.

BY MRS. GORE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!" *Shakspeare.*

Some eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board His Majesty's frigate, the Astræa, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable Captain, whom we picked up at Malta basking like two yellow over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where Cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous.

We had done due service to the state, by catching agues snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by St. Spiridion, and at his Klephtic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto;—poured libations on the grave of Anacreon;—and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicestershire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold such as poets dream of and the Levant alone can realise, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell bound," but "calm bound, among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honorable Captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of ——, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, when the offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, P. M. seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Mountain.

It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the King's English, in its own accents; to eat of the King's sirloin of horse-flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Charles Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 85° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco and a pipe of cherry wood were in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was announced to be a master hand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of enrichment, such as there is no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Picton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle, lemons from the islands, redolent of romance and poetry; and a bottle of Hodges' best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch drinker?" inquired my neighbor Capt. Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it—no!" said I; "I have swallowed too much punch from compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of ———. We had an hour before us, for the Captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; uninterrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by the fragrance of jessamine and orange blossoms proceeding from the trellised gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece;—a lieutenant of H. M. S. the Astræa, and a captain of H. M's gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain Hotspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!—

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess!" said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day, like a Trojan; and the fat major who sat opposite to me, made such play with the Champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well contented never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave, drily.

"Fortunate!"—cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck! I am voted the sulkiest dog unhanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the head-ache and the blue devils the next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs, an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"Yes! I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned;—saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviable dog! From time immemorial, odes have been indited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When *I* turn lyrist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! Is it not a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trolling of a joyous *chanson à boire*, or *trinklied* under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea? There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!" It appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas's gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost upon him. Yet I continued.

"After all, in spite of the prevalence of this Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence of wine. It is the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true;—but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?"—suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"*Personal* meaning!" I reiterated—"Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margaux of the fat Major, than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savored of any thing rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I,—still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected re-union with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in the demeanor; but in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to *you* at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!"—exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hand, nay almost his arms, toward me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection in the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in any thing that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to *me*, and I will impart a lesson worthy ten years' experience;—a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. Upon his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart in the patience of my attention such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief,—the dew of beauty—the fillet of love;—what that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity; and their juice is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like *me*, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation!

"Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS;—do not class me in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow;—the staggering steps retards the perpetration of sin;—the voice can neither modulate in tones to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot, a thing which children mock at, and woman chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal!"

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, yet his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter;—but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief!"—

"*Easy*, as we look upon the thing from hence,—with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with the cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, who can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his vein?

"Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason, differently;—the minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception."

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it, but who, while soberly fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I *know* that I am right;—listen! When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the Church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my year;—a studentship at Christ Church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper indispensable on occasion of similar triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port which forms the nectar of vulgar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued;—a life was lost.

"Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now what was to be done with me? My guardians decided that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret the change of your profession?"—said I with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I *did* regret it. A family living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself.

"The nature of my misdemeanor, mean while, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it that on entering the army, no fellow could boast of a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change——"

"Was *then* attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dulness,—where, the end of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion;—I seldom tasted wine;—I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense?"

"Beloved as a neighbor and fellow-citizen;—but higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage my humble veneration with which I regarded her, till I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons;—I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated.

"Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning?"—

"No! On such subjects women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Many probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humored than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom pass without a political squabble with some visitor, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold;—the newspaper did not arrive in time;—or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of Ministers.

"Fortunately poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child,—a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good-humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world;—and as soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.'—Heaven bless her for her blindness!"—

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes toward the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's,—young, handsome, rich,—richer and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature,—the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her railleries in good part.

"To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair,—the sleeve,—point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her!

"'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filliping water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer. 'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'

"'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them——Persevere!'

"She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved.

"'You must not banter him in *company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late! for against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing room with an entertaining book by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter,—to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expression of my countryman, Tobin, involuntarily recurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand,
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,
Is a wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling, imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence! She jested no more;—she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury. But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad? She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on *this* occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?"—

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would have induced them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness!"—

"But surely," said I beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right;—I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained many months from tasting wine; and became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me the milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife."

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again:—I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself;—the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness toward me, and requested me to join the party. We met;—a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless,—to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs Wargrave extended her glass toward mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The Champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bride groom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked toward her for further encouragement—for their kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, beheld her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely toward him. He regarded me with contempt! That look at least I did not misinterpret:—*but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces toward the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm:—the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled;—Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon *him* as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I;—"I know how to pity you."

"Not *you*!"—faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me;—for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness?"—

"Ay! Save when under the fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favor. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to *seek occasion* of giving me offence;—that he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been observed to say I *deserved* to die!

"I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that the mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both to *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch.

"But I had not seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions toward herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side. Joseph had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonor of his master's house.

"'The windows are closed,' said I, looking anxiously upward, as the carriage stopped. 'Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?'

"'There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble,' said the old man, grasping my arm. 'My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks;—she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father.'

"'And my wife?' said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"'I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, sir, you will find a letter,' said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"'From Mary?'—

"'Here it is,' he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room and pointing to the table.

"'From Mary?' I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. 'No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family: that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong arm of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs Mary Wargrave, moreover demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife *whom I had struck*—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods were shattered; and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"'Drink this, Master William,' said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. 'You want support, my dear boy;—drink this.'

"'Give it me,' cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. 'Another—another! I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass! I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave! Where is she?'

"'Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!'

"'I *have* lost my senses!'—I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. 'And therefore I must see her,—*must* see her before I die.'

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Barbazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognise me, when having entered the offices by a side door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill—had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Barbazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'

"'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I had despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"'Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for hers. 'You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'

"'You will, perhaps, find me too early,' said I, placing myself resolutely behind her chair, 'unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injuries to apprehend. I am come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death.' And in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand to act as mediator between us.'

"'For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears,—to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulses condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

"'I *have* decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave,—'*irrevocably*.'

"'No, you have *not*!' said I, again approaching her; 'for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband—to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary!—have you so soon forgot the vows of eternal unity breathed in the presence of God? On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It *has* been for *worse*, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad;—it *has* been for *poorer*, for my good name is taken from me;—it *has* been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the *covenant* less binding? Are you still my wife?—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that forsaking all other, she would cleave to *me* alone? Mary, no human law can contravene that primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.'

"'It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave with more firmness than might have been expected, a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. 'No! I *cannot* live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that'——

"'That you despise me!—speak out, madam; speak out!'

"'That I *pity* you,' continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman, on his conscience.'

"'And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation! for, by the laws of the Almighty, madam, however your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honored by his child.

"'It is a lesson I would scrupulously uphold to him and, to *secure* his obedience, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.'

"'Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws; by the laws let us abide. The child is mine by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please;—but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!'

"You did not?"—I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading—I knew not what.

"Have I not told you?" he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

"And you dared to injure her?"

"Right boy! that is the word,—*dared!* It was cowardly was it not? brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctly she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she in a faint, piteous voice, as if after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defence.

"'Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him? Do you think I shall be less careful of him than myself? Give him up to his father.'

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim.

"'The carriage waits,' said I sternly. 'Where is his nurse?'

"'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child I will consent to live with you again.'

"'With me? And am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with *me*, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt, your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!'

"'As a *servant*, then;—let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so'——

"'Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?'—cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"'Help! help! help!'—faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contest? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy wakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless"——

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated,—the spine injured,—the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence. It was not fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Barbazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnants of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer for their sake, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide*."—

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the Astræa, whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!—

"And it is to such a stimulus," murmured I as I slowly rejoined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manoeuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies we fortify ourselves with defence; to his master fiend, we open the doors of the citadel."

But my meditations were cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking song, with which Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the Commandants, superior and inferior of His Majesty's Ship the Astræa!

---

The following Stanzas which appeared in the New York Mirror, are from the German of Goethe, by Fitz Green Halleck. It is genuine poetry, and worth more than all the sickly, puling trash which appears as *original* in many papers for the past year. Our readers will perceive that we have deviated somewhat from the course which we at first took. We thought to encourage the flights of fancy of some of our correspondents might be of use to them, and no detriment to our readers—we acknowledge our error, and although we have some choice contributors whose effusions are ever welcome, we shall hereafter prefer to present our readers with the *best* articles which our Literature can produce, no matter from what source it may be gleaned. We have engaged from a house in Liverpool several of the most popular of the English magazines, and we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to present as rich a treat, weekly, as any sheet published. Ed. Saturday Post and News.

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapors, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come—I yield me as I found me
In youth, your worshipper, and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magic wreaths
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms, and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days;
First Love and Friendship in your path up-springing
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long-slept sorrows waked, whose dirge like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
And names the heart-mourned many a stern doom,
Ere their year's summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first—my spring-time friends have gone,
And gone, last journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one,
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are beating
Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glad me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep drawn sighing
For the dark SPIRIT-LAND o'erpowers me now;
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough,
And my changed heart throbs warm—no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow;
The near afar off seems, the distant nigh,
The now a dream, the past reality! F. G. H.

### THE ALBUM MANIA.

The origin of albums dates from a very remote period. They are of German origin. A man on the eve of a long journey, sent a book to his friends to receive contributions in drawings, poetry, or music, to which family letters were often added. In a distant place he found this volume a delightful traveling companion. When his mind wanted the associations of friendship, or his heart yearned toward those on whom his best affections were centered, he opened this album and listened to the loud voice of maternal counsel, the tender solicitude of a beloved sister, of the gentle endearings of the first women he ever loved.

The album was a book of the heart, in which were treasured all the most cherished affections.

By degrees the original ideas and objects were lost sight of and albums were filled with drawings made by mere acquaintances, with sketches often purchased at the picture dealers—or oftener still, obtained by importunity from the careless generosity of artists.

Next came the frightful race of amateur artists, who amuse themselves for a couple of hours with an object of art, as a child with a toy. These people are a thousand times more disgusting than amateur picture dealers; they come in the morning to your studio, where they remain until their dinner hour. Noisy and idle, they talk of nothing but the price of horses and actresses, or the fashionable beauties of the day—they overturn your easel—write their name upon your casts, and wear you out with their acquaintance—Such, with very few exceptions, is the race of pretended amateurs.

From the Democratic Review for June.

### Recent American Poetry.*

Thirty years ago, it was an easy task, in our country, to make a poetical reputation. A few metrical compositions, thrown together into a thin mis-shapen volume, were quite sufficient to form a halo, or weave a garland for the brows of any infatuated young person, who, like Gray's "moping owl," took solitary satisfaction in complaining to the moon. In those days there was a plentiful lack of "the vision and the faculty divine;" and when, occasionally, it chanced to shine upon the upturned, wondering eyes of mortals, they almost looked to behold the dispenser of fanciful splendors,

Bestride the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sail upon the bosom of the air.

To the fact we assert, bear witness the names of many who never having perpetrated verses enough to eke out a volume, were destined to an immortality of preservation in the amber of Mr. Samuel Kettel's "Specimens of American Poetry." Were it not for the existence and assistance of that illustrious compendium, we have some doubt whether we should ever have been aware of the brilliant sparkles which those meteors emitted in their time. Even under the supposition that their glories had burst through the obscurity of our researches, we should hardly have deemed them fixed stars in the firmament of fame, had they not so appeared in the telescopic observation of Mr. Kettell. This gentleman has generously provided us with the names of some hundreds of American poets, and of each one in particular has framed a brief biographical notice, which must be extremely consoling to the friends of the departed. Should this resurrectionist of the dry and crumbling remains of defunct poetasters philanthropically set himself to digging at this day, he would find a hundred subjects where he found one before, all fitted to adorn his museum of decayed specimens.

We fear that we have fallen into a little metaphorical confusion, in expiating on the labors of Mr. Kettell; but it cannot be greater than that of his "poets." If the appellation of "poets" were awarded to most of the metre-ballad-mongers, whose twattle has been thus resuscitated, we are right in the asseveration that the days of poetic renown must, at no very distant period, have been of facile attainment. At present it is a task of some magnitude, and we assert this in the face of any merely fictitious reputation which some self-deceiving rhymer may fancy that he enjoys. Your mere poetaster now is not distinguished from the herd of common men; no one turns to mark his abstracted air, or the fine phrenzy of his rolling eye; he may write "till his ink be dry," and unless he can excel most of the "specimens," he must confine his "wild love of fame" to the perusers of the journal, through which his sentimental slip-slop is drizzled on to the public. And why is this? What has wrought this change in the public estimation of verse-making and verse-makers? We reply, unhesitatingly, the large quantity of excellent poetry, really intrinsically excellent, which has been published within these last thirty years.

It is by no means our intention to attempt, within the judicious boundaries prescribed to a paper in a Democratic Review, (where many voices may claim audience) an investigation or exposition of all the good verses which have appeared within the specified period of time. Far from it. We propose simply to set down

"A chosen tally of that singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,"

have worthily achieved, and are worthy to bear, the name and fame of poets. Besides these, we shall confine our remarks to the few authors whose books have been published so lately as to authorise their selection as texts to a cursory dissertation on *recent* American poetry.

We would state fairly in the outset, that we are about to express our honest opinions, not those of the public; and the reason that we consider these opinions worthy to be expressed is, because they are formed not hastily or with prejudice, but reflectingly and with judgment. We shall not draw rein upon our pen, but let it race freely and merrily over the whole course; thus shall we the more speedily attain the goal, and be watched with more excited gratification by our goodly crowd of spectators. Some of our notions will be found to agree wonderfully well with those entertained by his majesty, the many; while others will differ so entirely, that they will be pronounced queer and paradoxical. We commence our career from one point of general argument, which, is this: Mr. William Cullen Bryant is the best poet in America. As it is quite needless to enter upon the proof of a fact which is strikingly evident, we shall not undertake to adduce the testimony which is so abundantly afforded by many of his long-published pieces. We have examined this testimony again and again, and always with increased delight. It is rich and copious. From the library of English poets it would be difficult to select a more freshly pleasing volume than Mr. Bryant's. It administers welcome nurture to the contemplative mind. It contains but little to excite the joyous and merryhearted to louder mirth, but much to soothe and soften the elated spirit into a quietude that more nearly approaches true happiness. 'Thanatopsis' is not so sublime as 'Coleridge's Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni,' but its effect on the imagination of the reader is scarcely less grand. It is not so perfect a production as the 'Elegy in a Country Church Yard,' but its strains Æolian sweep through the mind with a power equally subduing, for it breathes the same 'sad, sweet music of humanity.' Its concluding lines fall upon the ear as if uttered by some warning angel.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Next, scarcely inferior to this, comes the 'Hymn to the Evening Wind.' Either would of itself be enough to stamp its author as a man of high poetical genius. These two and the 'Song of Marion's Men,' are as common and as popular in the United States as many of the oldest lyrics of the British bards.

Had Mr Bryant stopped with the volume which comprises, with many others, scarcely less admirable, these three fine poems, we should have been equally free to grant him the place which he now holds by general consent; but we should have done so with less lively gratification than we now experience—arising, as it does, from our appreciation of his late pieces, given to the public in the pages of this Review. The pieces to which we allude are not familiar alone to the readers of this journal; their transfer to the columns of nearly every journal from the disputed territory to the seat of the Florida war has made them equally familiar to our countrymen in general. They have been rightfully designated by a Northern critic as 'not only acquisitions to American literature but additions to the English language.' They emanate from the same rich source of genius, which has so abundantly proved that their author is destined to occupy an enduring rank among the authors of the age. There is but one other man in existence who could have created such lines, on such a subject, as those that flow like living streams of beauty from 'The Fountain.' No known living poet but Wordsworth could have originated the glorious thought in four lines which we shall presently quote. They occur in the magnificent stanzas entitled 'The Battle Field,' printed a year since in this Magazine. In reading the whole poem, they did not so break away from the entire chain of melody as to produce the single and startling effect which they afterward did, upon our encountering them casually in Mr. Forrest's oration, on our last anniversary of national independence. There is a Shakspearean grandeur in the idea, and a Miltonic dignity in its expression. Read aloud.

"Truth crush'd to earth, will rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

To Mr. Halleck we are willing to assign a rank inferior only to that occupied by Mr. Bryant in the scale of those who have so elevated the standard of American poetry during these latter years. If a man were to be judged by the quantity, not by the quality of his works, then would Mr. Halleck's laurels be few and faded. As it is,

"Few have worn a greener wreath,
Than that which binds his hair."

To use an expressive mercantile phrase, he has done a very small business on a large capital. In this respect he excels every modern poet, except Gray. His taste is quite as fastidious as Gray's or Campbell's; there is the same intense polish in his lines, and the same exquisite nicety in his versification. We wish that he had imitated their sobriety. They never indulge in antics or cut pirouettes at the conclusion of a poetical movement, as stately and graceful as a minuet. The fair form of 'Alnwick Castle' is spoiled by its mean and miserable ending. If this be wit, we beg to be spared its infliction. Mr. Halleck's finest poem are his lines in memory of Burns; they were probably suggested by Wordsworth's Rob Roy, but are none the less attractive on that account.

Equal to Mr. Halleck, and superior—in that he has written so much more—is Mr. Charles Sprague. It is curious that both these gentlemen should be the curators of extensive money concerns. That the mind of one at least has received no sordid taint, we may infer from his distich:

"The fool who holds it heresy to think,
And loves no music but the dollar's chink."

Mr. Sprague has wrought rich treasures from every vein that he has struck. He has been so successful in all, that we are doubtful in which he has best succeeded. He displays the same singular felicity in sarcastic, pathetic, and spirited verse. His 'Curiosity' is a noble poem; the language has scarcely a more splendid lyric than his Shakspear Ode, and we know of few strains of deeper tenderness than those on the Death of a Sister, the Family Reunion, and others of the same tone. The arrow that would find a chink in Mr. Sprague's bright armor, must be more adroitly aimed than ours; he is impervious to our criticism.

In thus cursorily speaking of three of our best poets, we have sufficiently proved our postulate; as long as they, and others like them live to write, (we wish that they wrote to live) there will be little danger of our tolerating that which is in itself indifferent, because it is *comparatively* good. Before passing, however, to speak of those writers, whose more recent works invite our observations, we would name one, to whom may, with singular fidelity, be applied Pope's expressive line:

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, a rabid opposition paper, has all the richest endowments of genius. He deserted 'the muse's bower,' to fight and scuffle on the dusty arena of politics. He flung aside his golden-voiced lute for the brazen-throated trumpet. Some of his earlier effusions are 'beautiful exceedingly.' His lines by his mother's grave, written at the age of fourteen, are more remarkable than any other juvenile production we ever saw. They breathe the very soul of sorrow; nothing could be more irresistably touching and plaintive. His latter pieces, especially those which tell of love, seem flushed with the rosiest hues of passion, pervaded with a glow like old Anacreon's. His fault is too lavish a profusion of imagery, the use of too many spangling epithets, which despoil his thoughts of their simplicity and beauty. Practice would have amended this—but he has not practiced—he probably never will again practice poetry; he is a politician. Some of the most valuable contributions to American poetry have been made by those who have never yet had ambition enough to collect their scattered effusions into volumes. To convince the reader how sincerely this is to be regretted, we need mention no other names than those of the two last mentioned writers, Sprague and Prentice. We would that they could be persuaded to do so at this time, and we would that every writer upon whose efforts public approval has set its seal could be induced to follow the example.

Mr. Dawes's 'Athenia of Damascus,' Mr. Willis's 'Bianca Visconti,' and Mr. Epes Sargent's 'Velasco'—a tragedy which was successfully brought forward at the Park Theatre in New York, and which has met with considerable praise from the periodical press—have all appeared in within the last six months. Neither of these dramas have extraordinary merit; that by Mr. Sargent is by far the best as a whole, although those of Mr. Dawes and Mr. Willis contain finer passages of a fanciful description. We shall now speak of these dramas, though not with the particularity to which their defects as well as merits entitle them. That of Mr. Dawes has appeared in a separate form as well as in his volume. It legitimately claims our attention among his other poetical works which—will be last treated in this paper, since they are the most important under notice. We would premise our remarks on the other two dramas, with the mention of the fact that they are the only native productions of merit, which have been given to the public in readable form, after their representation at the theatre. Dr. Robert M. Bird, of Philadelphia, author of Calavar, The Infidel, &c. was the first of any eminence who came forward as a dramatist. His 'Gladiator,' and 'Broker of Bogota,' never found their way to the publishers, less, as we imagine, through fear of their being submitted to the test of literary criticism, than from apprehension of diminishing their attractiveness on the stage.

Mr. Willis has published three dramatic works. The first was the tragedy which lies in very neat garb before us, and is called 'Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked.' It was written two years since, with a view to the acting by Miss Clifton of the principle female character. This is the way in which all American writing for the stage has been elicited. Mr. Dawes's 'Athenia' was written for a Mrs. George Jones, (a woman, like Miss Clifton, of fine appearance, and it has been stated of superior histrionic power,) and Mr. Sargent's 'Izadore,' the heroine in 'Velasco,' for Miss Tree. The effect of this must be to direct the author's attention to one bright point from which he trusts to diffuse a radiance over the whole piece. Other matters are merely auxiliary—and the consequence is an inferior developement of character, and no very skilful management of plot. This criticism applies to Mr. Willis's performances rather than those of the other two writers.

After the somewhat equivocal success of 'Bianca Visconti,' Mr. Willis was betrayed into the perpetration of a comedy, which was (to use a common phrase) 'damned' silently on the second night of representation. It is said to have been so broadly farcical, and so outrageously absurd, that it proved impossible, even for an audience fully determined on being delighted, to endure it. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Mr. Willis steps like a stalwart knight again into the lists. If we were to credit the daily journals, we should believe that he had rent the laurel from Shakspeare's bust to adorn his living temples, and that in 'Tortesa, or the Usurer,' the world beheld a comedy, such as no age since that of good Queen Bess can boast. The truth is, that there is little or no dramatic power displayed in the piece. It is like Bianca Visconti, to which it is decidedly inferior in stage effect—a graceful poem running over with sparkling conceits and glittering fancies, which bubble up and burst on the surface like the air-jewels in a beaker of rosy champagne.

It has been remarked of the plays of Sheridan Knowles, that in no one of them is there an allusion which would call a blush to the cheek of purity. This is a high degree of praise which cannot be awarded to the dramas of Mr. Willis. There is an indelicacy on the second page of 'Bianca Visconti,' and there are several in the comedy of 'Tortesa.' When will authors learn that filth is filth, though it be wrapped in a web woven from the costliest looms of Cashmere? We will not detain the reader with an analysis of the tragedy now before us. The plot is poor in incident, but managed so as to stimulate and increase the interest of the reader the more as he approaches toward the catastrophe. It is tragic enough to suit the taste of one who would 'sup full with horrors.' It hinges upon the high dramatic circumstances of a sister being accessory to the murder of a young and innocent brother, who stands in the path of her lover's ambition. But we leave the plot, which we do not like, for the poetry, which we do like—and with which it is our duty to deal in this paper. Here is a beautiful passage, expressive of Bianca's joy at the fruition of her long cherished hopes of happiness with her bridegroom, Sforza—beautiful, though it trenches on the 'isle' in Moore's 'Blue summer ocean far off and alone.'

"Oh, I'll build
A home upon some green and flowery isle
In the lone lakes, where we will use our empire
Only to keep away the gazing world.
The purple mountains and the glassy waters
Shall make a hush'd pavilion with the sky,
And we two in the midst will live alone,
Counting the hours by stars and waking birds
And jealous but of sleep!"

"I remember
The fair Giovana in her pride at Naples.
Gods! what a light enveloped her! She left
Little to shine in history—but her beauty
Was of that order that the universe
Seem'd governed by her motion. Men look'd on her
As if her next step would arrest the world;
And as the sea bird seems to rule the wave,
He rides so buoyantly all thing around her—
The glittering army, the spread gonfalon,
The pomp, the music, the bright sun in heaven—
Seemed glorious by her leave."

Here is something musical that will be deemed exquisite; till one endeavors to get at the meaning, and perceives that it begins with a hypothesis, very like a bull.

"If the rose
Were born a lily, and, by force of heart
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone—
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there
But for the bright originals in Heaven!"

The finest scene in the piece—and it is, poetically, very beautiful—is that in the fifth act, of an interview between Sforza, the hero, Bianca and her younger brother Giulio. We should like to give it as the fairest specimen of Mr. Willis's dramatic as well as poetic powers; but the limits, to which the number of matters treated in this article restrains us, forbid. The final melancholy madness of Bianca is so like Ophelia's, that we are ready to award to it the praise of successful imitation.

Mr. Willis's dramas will hardly keep even short-lived possession of the stage, but they will maintain a more respectable rank in our native literature than his formerly published poems. They are less disfigured by affectation, and are pervaded by a more masculine tone of sentiment. They show that the author has of late conceived a nobler ambition than to be the Waller of modern court circles—a *preux chevalier*, a sort of Sir Pierce Shafton, enrapturing the intellects of boarding school misses with metrical euphuisms and elaborate fooleries. He seems to have learned to reflect more upon his art, and less upon himself. Such reflection may not be so agreeable, but we will find it far more beneficial; the famous Greek precept, and Pope's scarcely less famous line, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Sargent is the author of several fugitive poems of considerable merit. He writes with scrupulous correctness, rather than remarkable power. He is guided rather by nice taste than bold ambition. He never startles his reader, nor shocks him; he is never venturesome, never 'in wandering mazes lost,' the path he treads lies smooth, and plain, and verdant before him, and he is sure that he has answerable skill to pick his steps. He never walks blindfold, or with his eyes behind him. Had he been Icarus, he would never have attempted to fly, even had his wings been made of feathers instead of wax. He is not wanting, however, in self-confidence, for he is sure of success by never over-estimating his own powers. He will take a permanent, though not very brilliant position among other writers. Were he more daring he might reach a higher point; but as there is no danger of his aiming beyond his reach, so there is none of his not reaching his aim. Of this we are certain;—in his future course he will culminate, and not decline. His modesty no less than his abilities, entitles him to our most favorable consideration. His play, 'Velasco,' was quietly issued from the prolific press of the Harpers with little or no flourish of trumpets. It was read and liked. It was acted, and succeeded. The newspapers puffed it as they do every thing else, *ad nauseam*. This set the author's fame afloat, and a strong voice of judicious approval has kept it smiling on bravely ever since. We shall not swell the gale, but keep it blowing.

Since Mr. Sargent has been accorded the praise of being the best dramatist in the country—a praise it would be difficult to gainsay—we should be glad to exhibit his pretensions by liberal quotations. This would also prove the justice of our other remarks; but we must rest content with simply showing, from this play, that he is a poet of no inferior merit. We could do this more efficiently from his first dramatic attempt, called 'The Genoese.' It has not been published; but should be, were it unredeemed, except by certain beautiful passages. Though it was horribly mangled at the Park theatre, we saw and heard enough to make us prefer its story, plot, and incidents, to those of 'Velasco.' In the play before us, we regard the choice of all these as unfortunate; the melodramatic termination of the third act is decidedly bad. But to the poetry. Here is a subject for the pencil of Weir:

"Our routed troops were flying in dismay
Before the turban'd Moors, when from the gloom
Of a green thicket rushed a mounted knight!
His charger white as snow—his battle-axe
Poised in his right hand, while his left upreared
The Christian ensign, blazoning the cross!"

Here is an exquisite figure; the last line is eminently good.

"Oh! ne'er did mariner, long toss'd at sea,
With no benignant star to point his course,
Hail with more rapture the first gleam of land,
Than I from War's seam'd visage and wild glance,
Turn to the blue eyes of maternal peace!"

These words of parting between a brother and sister, when the latter is about to be wedded, remind us by their pathos, of certain touches in 'Ion:'

JULIO.—"Alas! I never yet have parted from thee
With the sad thought, that ere we met again
Thou wouldst be all another's—never more
The gay, free-hearted, fond and careless girl,
Whose laugh in bower and hall was sweetest music.
Is not the thought well worth a casual tear?
IZIDORA.—Why should I be less happy or less fond?
The influence of all outward things—
The sky, the sunshine, and the vernal earth,
Beauty and song—will they not be the same?
Ah! there are spirits in this fretful world
Which grow not old, and change not with the seasons!
JULIO.—Oh, let not that assure thee! Time, my sister,
Is not content with marring outward charms;
His deepening furrows reach the spirit's core."

The following, exhibiting the rage that pervades the breast of an old Castilian, who has been insulted by a blow, and is impotent to avenge the injury, is full of force and spirit:

DE LERMA—(*taking up his sword*)—"Thou treacherous steel! art thou the same, alas!
Of yore so crimson'd in the Moorish wars?
Methinks there should have been a soul in thee—
The soul of victories and great achievements,
To form a living instrument of vengeance,
And, in the weakness of thy master's arm,
To leap spontaneous to his honor's rescue.
Go! 'tis a mockery to wear thee now.
[*Throws down his sword.*
Struck like a menial! buffeted! degraded!
And baffled in my impotent attack!
Oh Fate! oh Time!—Why, when ye took away
From this right arm its cunning and its strength—
Its power to shield from wrong, or to redress,
Did ye not pluck from out this swelling heart
Its torturing sense of insult and of shame?
I am sunk lower than the lowest wretch!
Oh, that the earth might hide me!—that I might
Sink fathoms deep beneath its peaceful breast!"

We are willing to rest our assertion, that this piece contains evidences of decided poetical genius, on one more extract:

SCENE III.—*A glen near the castle of Gonzalez.—A storm is raging, with thunder and lightning.—Enter Velasco from the rocks in the back ground.*

VELASCO.—"I lay my brow against the marble rock
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;
There is no coolness in the summer rain!
The elements have lost their attributes.
The oaks are shiver'd round me, in the blaze
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds
Of its black cerements; but no gracious bolt
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be
Exhausted soon—the hurricane will sink;
And, through the vista of the western clouds,
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream;
And birds, on every glistening bow, will hail
The refulgent brightness and the freshen'd air;
But when will pass away from this sad heart
The cloud of grief—the tempest of remorse?
When will the winged hopes, that glanced and sang
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return,
To welcome back the gladness of the soul?"

To be continued.

* Bianca Visconti, or the Heart Overtasked, by N. P. Willis. Samuel Colman, New York.
Velasco, a tragedy, in five acts, by Epes Sargent. New York, Harper & Brothers.
The Ruins of Athens, Titania's Banquet, a Mask, and Other Poems, by G. Hill. Boston, Otis, Broaders, & Co.
Geraldine, Athenia of Damascus, and Miscellaneous Poems, by Rufus Dawes. New York Samuel Colman.

### CHRISTIANITY—ITS CHARACTER.

It is probable that creeds have done some good;—it is certain they have done much harm. It is not our purpose, however, to wage war with these formularies. But surely those who wish to understand, appreciate, and enjoy Christianity, should pay less respect to the prescriptions of men, and more to the word of God. Many a doctrine is proclaimed in the name of Christianity which the Bible does not teach; and many a precept is imposed, with an assumption of the same sanction, which the Bible does not ordain. We should be exceedingly careful to maintain the principle we have avowed—"the word of God is the *only* rule of faith and conduct." And this rule was never given to a few for the government of the many; nor to one generation for the control of its successors. It is the Manual of Redemption, put into every man's hand, by the Saviour and Sovereign of the world, as a sufficient guide from the guilt and sorrow of earth to the innocence and rapture of heaven. If he would know what his religion really is, let him study its character in its inspired records. For "all Scripture is given by inspiration; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God"—lay man as well as minister—"may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Infidelity is the rejection of the Bible, as whole; heresy is the rejection of the Bible, in part—reaching, however, by its many forms, nearly the infidel result. But infidels and heretics have often rejected the Bible, in whole or in part, because of identifying first, the Bible with Christianity, and, secondly, Christianity itself with the corruptions of it prevailing around them. If these corruptions of the system were fair illustrations of its true character, they might be excused for scoffing at the system and at the Book which sets its forth. The error and the crime of such consist in the neglect of the official authority.—Nothing is easier generally speaking, than to convict infidels and heretics of ignorance of the Bible.

It is deplorable that Christians themselves, and Christian ministers, are not more thoroughly acquainted with the great Text Book. Creeds, and prayers, and hymns, and sermons, and, in addition to such sanctuary instructions, the outer and glorious circle of Christian literature, may do much to help those who are not too submissive to their influence; but nothing on earth can suffice as a substitute for the Sacred Volume. Let our Christianity be the Christianity of the Bible. Who holds to this, is sure of triumph. Individual triumph over all the evils of his own nature and circumstances—and a share in the final and perpetual triumph of truth and goodness throughout the universe.

"What is the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion in the full and just extent of it?" This, it is said, was the inquiry proposed to Locke, "a little before his dissolution." And the following was his "memorable reply. 'Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter.'"

And at another time, he remarked—"the only way to attain a certain knowledge of the Christian religion, in its full extent and purity, is the study of the Holy Scriptures."

In conclusion, let us observe that wherever and whenever the Bible is withdrawn from the people, Christianity degenerates. Its history furnishes sadly ample illustration of this fact. On the other hand, the open presence of the Bible is the signal for all Christian improvements. Christianity is more beautifully exemplified now—its Scripture characteristics are more admirably embodied and attractively exhibited—than at any time since the days of the Apostles. And why? The reason is obvious in the unprecedented circulation and study of the Blessed Pages. May the day soon arrive when the Bible shall be acknowledged as the Constitution of the world—and the character of Christianity be witnessed in the knowledge, and love, and joy of unparadised generations of saints. *Methodist Protestant Letter-Press.*

## THE SILK CULTURIST.

*From the Journal of the American Silk Society.*

### THE FILATURE, REELING SILK, &c.

*Of reeling, preferential cocoons, and snaffling.*

The royal cocoons are those best for reeling. The worm having made a hole for his passage, the silk is cut, the continuity of the fibre interrupted, and cannot be wound, but is to the value of the perforated cocoons. Neither can the snaffles be wound, because the silk being in the province of a weak, sick worm, has not the necessary gum, besides it cannot be wound, for it becomes thin and interlaced and entangled. Cause the fibres are probably very fine. These cocoons may, however, be profitably prepared for carding and spinning, when subjected to particular treatment, which shall hereafter be described. To calculate the value of these sorts of cocoons, the following calculations may be observed, viz:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| If the good cocoons are worth | - | 100 |
| The perforates are worth | - | 334 |
| The snaffles do | - | 25 |
| The royal cocoons do | - | 500 |

But if the royal cocoons are not picked out of the best for eggs, they are worth only 334.

Best fineness of the original cocoon; next in value is that of perforated; and the worst of snaffles.

*Mode of reeling silk from the best cocoons.*

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.—The reeling may be performed in dry weather, and when the air is perfectly calm. If done in a building or shed, it should be open on one side, to admit the light and air, and walled on the other to screen off the wind, which would blow about the silk and the threads.

The softest water must be chosen for soaking the cocoons. The proper temperature for it cannot be ascertained until each person has discovered according to the different composition of the silk. Some cocoons will require water only at 95° and from 100° to 120°; others from 120° to 212°. Some point between these extremes may be chosen to which the water should be heated in a first experiment. One thing is certain, that in the United States it must never reach the boiling point, or 212°.

The good cocoons, the white and yellow, are the easiest to wind. The nattier and the cocoons require water less heated than the others, if hot water is used for the last, they force out the winding. The doupons, the chequetées, the crossed cocoons, and all loose cocoons, must be kept a long time after being baked, require the hottest water. The doupons require to be boiled over or six minutes before they can be reeled. The cocoons so large that the chrysalis has been killed, by either steaming or baking give out their silk very easily, and the filament less broad than the last mentioned sorts. The temperature of the water must proper for each particular species of cocoons being ascertained by the thermometer, it must be kept to that degree by dipping the instrument in it frequently; and the fire under the basin must be lessened or occasioned, as occasion may require. A fresh supply will soon enable the person who has the management of the basin, to perceive the degree of proper degree of heat.

The person charged with the management of the cocoons of the basin, must be provided with a small whisk of broom corn, or of birch-twigs cut sharp at the points, and bend something like the basin presently filled with soft hot water, and the basin placed upon a furnace or other contrivance, she must throw into the water a handful or two of cocoons of one sort and size or another, and press them gently under the water for two or three minutes, and then take off the pan of the silk, and thereby loosen the ends of the filaments. She is then to stir the cocoons with the end of the whisk, by rubbing it possible, until one of the fibres, or filaments, adheres to it, when, disengaging it from the rest, and the whisk, she is to draw the filament toward her, until it comes off from the cocoon from floss, or coarse silk, which always surrounds the cocoon, and the fine silk begins to appear; then breaking of the thread, and collecting the floss first taken of, she must put it aside. The reeler is then to be placed against, to get hold of the fine fibres, all of which must be set apart, each fibre by itself, by fixing it to a point, or at least near the furnace for that purpose, or to the screw of wood placed all around, and the edge of the copper, till the whole, or the greatest part are arranged in the manner, much after the readiness to be thrown in, to form the thread of two or more of them, according to the fineness of the intended thread 4 and delivers the prepared threads the reeler, who places it through one of the holes in the iron plate, placed horizontally close to the basin containing the cocoons and water. Another thread is, in like manner, to be prepared, and passed through the neighboring hole. This process is repeated with the two other holes in the corner and of the plate; the two threads are then crossed twenty or twenty-five times, and the ends of each thread passed through the guide hooks, (compass,) of the traversing bar, and on the contrary side to the hole in the iron plate through which it had previously been let down. They are then to be carried forward, and made fast to one of the arms of the reel. The mode of attachment of the two threads will be regulated by the distance between the compass. Both threads being fastened to the reel, it is turned with a slow, even motion, at first slowly, until the threads are found to run freely and easily, for if cold it will break, and the ends, when taken to connect the thread, were lost, because, in taking of the floss, three or four or more breaks made in the beginn of the fibres, which, in winding, will soon cut, and must be added anew to make up the number designed for the thread. It might, therefore, be proper, in the beginning of the thread, to put a few more cocoons than is intended to constitute, which will soon be reduced to the proper number.

The crossing of the threads is so essential to their perfection, that it must not, on any account, be omitted. It is necessary to promote the distribution of the materials of which the fibres, and thus prevents the improper closing of the filaments upon the reel. The tension of the threads also removes the knots, inequalities, and roughness on fibre, and causes a perfect alignment of their fibres, and hence, insures their strength, their uniformity thickness, and cylindrical form, which otherwise would be flat.

As soon as the pods begin to give the thread freely, (as is known with a smoker motion of the pods long up often, and beat against the iron plate, the motion of the reel must be slow, and the threads come off in hurts, it must be turned quicker. Or the sun summer, who has her eye upon the bulls and thread, must as she sees occasion, approve the reeler, and if the time come, the fire must be increased or diminished, but the change ought to be as quick as possible, without endangering the breaking of the thread, for long time spent in that way will cause the cocoons to soak as fast as the old ones are ended.

If the fire must be made to rise, it will be better the silk winds off, and the better the end cocoons are thrown. One might imagine that the rapidity of the motion would overstrain and break the thread, but, from constant experience, it has been found that the thread never once breaks from that cause, only of the motion, but, on the contrary, that the quicker the motion is, the more advantageous it is for winding the silk.

When the thread is forming the hammer must continually and fresh fibres to each thread as one end finds ends, not waiting till some of that another she begin with, are ended, because the end of fibres are much thinner than others, and constituting the external layers, but must constantly prepare fresh ends, by dipping the wind the fresh cocoons, of which such a quantity may occasionally be thrown in, that there as will appear to supply the two threads which are reeling, but not more; because, by being too long soaked in the water, they become soft and of no force. The cocoons thrown in, must be stirred round under the water, that they may be equally soaked; for, as they swim with their greatest part above the water, part soaked, part many hard and stubborn, while the part which is under water would be too much soaked, or some bad water may be thrown upon them (occasionally with a brush, and also as they become thick on the reel, when they grow dry at top, and yield the fibres with difficulty. The supply of cocoons must be so regulated that none is ever diminished, or the fibres break, to performed by a large one and of a fibre, and throwing it lightly on the one that is making, and rubbing them between the fingers of the left hand, to gently pressing them.

A scion, therefore, as the cocoons are partially wound, are exhausted, or the fibre breaks, fresh ones must be joined, to keep up the number of threads of the organzine. Just before the cocoons may be wound, and two half wound, or one and one, and the silk of them be wound four in five cocoons. The adroitness in adding fresh threads may be acquired by practice. The difficulty of keeping the thread even is so great, and, for the second fineness and of two, or more, that, excepting a thread of two cocoons, we do not undertake to reel three, four, or four cocoons, but a silk of three and four, of four and five, and not to seven. In coarser silk, we do not undertake to reel more than one cocoon more or less; we say for example, from twelve to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty cocoons. In beginning a thread of ten cocoons, to an additional one, and adding two cocoons at once to preserve an uniform thread, after a portion of the first is or has been wound off.

The quantity of silk which can be reeled in any given time, is in proportion to the quickness with which the spinner can add fresh cocoons. Thus, if we suppose that every second, or a minute, will either break or be wound off at the end of five hundred feet, then if 5 or such ends are reeled together, a fresh end will be wanted every hundred feet that are reeled; but ten end reeled together, one will be wanted at every fifty feet; if sixteen together, at every thirty-two feet, &c. The reeler that cocoons end or break, the greater number, the more advantage of some are attend, and the greater number of sound cocoons, of an expert manager, and of every species, which can be handled either in working of the single fibres, or of the whole thread.

(To be continued.)

### THE MULBERRY.

The Monmouth, N. J. Enquirer, states that the Morus Multicaulis crop in that section, has generally failed, and that more than one half the trees originally contemplated, will be raised. A Harrisburg correspondent of the Lancaster Guard, furnishes the following, in relation to the Morus Multicaulis crop in that neighborhood:

"The weather for the few last days has been very favorable to Morus Multicaulis crops in this neighborhood. Since my last letter to you, they have improved wonderfully, the root crops have stood the pelting of the late storms and heavy cold rains, and seem to be growing in defiance of all disadvantages. The average length of the best lots is about 34 inches from the ground to the top stem of the main stem. In a lot belonging to a gentleman in Salisbury township, I counted two stems of the trees from the ground to the top stem 44 inches, all branched and heavy foliaged. This is a splendid tree, and I do not hesitate in venturing to say, it goes ahead of any tree in the state. I was planted out during the last week of March, and had no protection whatever. The cuttings average from 8 to 12 inches, and are improving every day, and I believe now, that we will have a good crop of cocoons this fall.

He adds:

"What I have been said by several gentlemen from the east, (who are themselves personally engaged in the culture of the trees) as to the value of the crops are to four cents, is better order than any they have seen, and further, that our trees will have a decided preference. I have also been once seen by those wishing to purchase, and who say from knowledge of the trees. I have now cuttings produced by single buds, growing in my garden, with which we filled our hotbeds, and which, planted out the second week in May, and if the weather keeps open for eight or ten days, will be found to bear of cuttings from 14 to 18 inches in length.

*Mammoth Cocoons.*—*Silk grower! heed this.*—The Delaware State Reporter, at Wilmington, says Mr. Zeba Ferris has at his great cocoonery, in that city, cocoons that average in weight as follows: 1st or largest 115 cocoons to the pound; 2d size 133; 3d size 150. These cocoons are all from the Tyaan white worms, and the largest silk growers in the state of Delaware. We think none can be found to equal in weight or beauty this large sample produces by Mr. Ferris. He has already sold thousands.

Forty thousand silk-worms have been raised in Edgefield, S. C. from an ounce of eggs.

*The Silk Mania is, we rejoice to say, on the wane.* The Delaware State Reporter says it appears to be another Lyons. No less than one million of the Morus Multicaulis will be raised, this season, and as the adjacent cocooneries owe one million each for a supply of seed next year.

### ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC CANAL.

York, Pa. July 1, 1839.

*To the Editor of the New York Evening Star.*

Sir—In no country has this subject excited more attention with the public in general, feel great interest in the progress of that extraordinary work, than in the United States, and in which so much has been written and spoken, so much has been written and more said, and which at different times has been declared both impracticable and practicable. I mean the intended canal through the Republic of Panama, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. One glance at the map will show that the Isthmus of Darien is in a most favorable situation of that country. At the head waters of Panama, where several attempts have been made to lay the plan of the said Canal, the whole breadth of the country is not more than twenty-one miles; but there one range of the lofties mountains between the ocean, that declares that human power is too frail to overcome such obstacles. But not to trouble you with a long story in this undertaking. A little higher north, at the head waters of Nicaragua, is the great lake of Guatemala and the state of Nicaragua, we have from the best information, about 60 miles in breadth of the country, where the ocean or mountains, generally called the Andes, are lowest, and the most favorable place for a canal. Humboldt, who has explored this country, and advanced by the Bank of the United States, give the highest of these mountains but one hundred feet above the level of the ocean. Now, sir, I will state an English packet of that sort will surprise us, coming up the Delaware one of these days, and make a brief passage to the Pacific ocean, and return in safety. But this is a movement from which even New York has stood aloof, with our immense capital, and has stood on both sides making the lake serve as a part of the canal to the Pacific, and brought in the ocean and furnished every thing and nothing is left to be done by us, but the discharge of the waters from the lake of Nicaragua on the south-eastern extremity, which will be but a few miles to the Caribbean sea, and at whose mouth we have undertaken to construct a fortification to protect the mouth of the canal, and it will only be necessary to erect a few forts and batteries to keep off any force that is some pleases to augment the banks where the canal is to be cut, and to pass by any force more than canal could be forged for the largest East India vessels. Plenty of large and fine timber on both sides of the canal, and the rock at a very short distance facilitate the undertaking. The most dangerous part of the navigation has of late employed a committee of engineers, under the direction of Mr. Dyott, of which a gentleman of great talents, who has ascertained the whole practicability of the canal, and demonstrated it beyond a doubt; and I am very happy to be able to state some of the most important facts in relation to this subject. I ascertained shortly before my departure from that country, on the journey of Lake Nicaragua from the pinnacle or highest part of the country through which the canal is to pass, that the distance from the mouth of the lake where the Pacific Ocean is one hundred and twenty miles, and the greatest height of a single pinnacle of the ridge of mountains between the lake and ocean is but six hundred and fifteen feet; this ridge being only a few miles in length, and the rest almost level, that there would offer itself no obstacle of any consideration, to the plan of the canal, and of this canal is unnecessary; even the slightest observer perceives it at a glance, and the only thing that appears dangerous is a tortuous route which is at present taken by the vessels which ply between the lake and the Pacific, for carrying goods and products of China, the East Indies, and the whole coast of America, both of this country and to Europe; not to speak of the advantage which the United States would derive by this canal, offering so short a route to their trade.

It is certain that if this canal were made, it would give a change to the commerce of the world, and a barrier in the way of benefit to this country, greater than the very discovery of America could give to the present generation. The length of the river St. Johns is about sixty miles, and the passage of the whole canal would not be more than about one hundred and eighty miles, and the distance which the canal would have to be dug to connect the lake with the Pacific Ocean is but one hundred and fifteen feet; this ridge being only a hundred feet in length, and the greatest height of a single pinnacle of the ridge of mountains between the lake and ocean is but six hundred and fifteen feet; this ridge being only a few miles in length, and the rest almost level, that there would offer itself no obstacle of any consideration, to the plan of the canal, and of this canal is unnecessary; even the slightest observer perceives it at a glance, and the only thing that appears dangerous is a tortuous route which is at present taken by the vessels which ply between the lake and the Pacific, for carrying goods and products of China, the East Indies, and the whole coast of America, both of this country and to Europe; not to speak of the advantage which the United States would derive by this canal, offering so short a route to their trade.

It is certain that if this canal were made, it would give a change to the commerce of the world, and a barrier in the way of benefit to this country, greater than the very discovery of America could give to the present generation. The length of the river St. Johns is about sixty miles, and the passage of the whole canal would not be more than about one hundred and eighty miles, and the distance which the canal would have to be dug to connect the lake with the Pacific Ocean is but one

## PHILADA. WHOLESALE PRICES-CURRENT.

Corrected For the Evening Post and Saturday News.

JULY 14, 1838.

ASHES per 100 pounds
Pearl ... 5 50 @ 5 62½
Pots ... 5 50 @ —
BEESWAX per pound ... 25 @ —
BREAD per pound
Crackers ... 6 @ —
Pilot ... 9 @ 9 50
Pilot, new ... 7 @ 8
Navy ... 6 @ 6½
BRISTLES per pound
Hog, Am. ... 30 @ 35
Hog, Russia ... 30 @ 35
BUTTER per pound ... 13 @ 15
CANDLES per pound
Mould ... 13 @ 14
Dipped ... 12 @ 13
Sperm ... 37 @ 40
CHEESE per pound ... 8 @ 9
COAL per ton
Schuylkill ... 5 50 @ —
Lehigh ... 5 50 @ —
Liverpool ... 5 50 @ —
COTTON per pound
New Orleans ... 12 @ 13
Upland ... 11 @ 12
Alabama ... 11 @ 12
Mobile ... 11 @ 12
Tennessee ... 11 @ 12
Florida ... 11 @ 12
Texas ... 11 @ 12
COTTON YARN per pound
No. 10 ... 25 @ —
No. 12 ... 27 @ —
No. 14 ... 29 @ —
No. 16 ... 31 @ —
No. 18 ... 33 @ —
No. 20 ... 35 @ —
No. 22 ... 37 @ —
No. 24 ... 39 @ —
No. 26 ... 41 @ —
No. 28 ... 43 @ —
No. 30 ... 45 @ —
No. 32 ... 47 @ —
No. 34 ... 49 @ —
No. 36 ... 51 @ —
No. 38 ... 53 @ —
No. 40 ... 55 @ —
No. 42 ... 57 @ —
No. 44 ... 59 @ —
No. 46 ... 61 @ —
No. 48 ... 63 @ —
No. 50 ... 65 @ —
No. 52 ... 67 @ —
No. 54 ... 69 @ —
No. 56 ... 71 @ —
No. 58 ... 73 @ —
No. 60 ... 75 @ —
No. 62 ... 77 @ —
No. 64 ... 79 @ —
No. 66 ... 81 @ —
No. 68 ... 83 @ —
No. 70 ... 85 @ —
No. 72 ... 87 @ —
No. 74 ... 89 @ —
No. 76 ... 91 @ —
No. 78 ... 93 @ —
No. 80 ... 95 @ —
No. 82 ... 97 @ —
No. 84 ... 99 @ —
No. 86 ... 101 @ —
No. 88 ... 103 @ —
No. 90 ... 105 @ —
No. 92 ... 107 @ —
No. 94 ... 109 @ —
No. 96 ... 111 @ —
No. 98 ... 113 @ —
No. 100 ... 115 @ —
COTTON BAGGING per yard
Kentucky ... 15 @ 17
Tennessee ... 15 @ 17
Kentucky, new ... 16 @ 17
Ameri'n Gunny ... 15 @ 17
Dundee ... 15 @ 17
Dundee, new ... 16 @ 17
Calcutta ... 15 @ 17
Calcutta, new ... 16 @ 17
COTTON BALE ROPE per lb.
Manilla ... 11 @ 12
Russia ... 11 @ 12
Hemp ... 10 @ 11
DRUGS per pound
Alum ... 2 @ 3
Camphor ... 75 @ 80
Copperas ... 2 @ 3
Cream Tartar ... 25 @ 30
Epsom Salts ... 3 @ 4
Indigo, Guat. ... 1 00 @ 1 10
Indigo, Manilla ... 75 @ 80
Madder ... 10 @ 12
Oil Vitriol ... 6 @ 8
Opium ... 3 50 @ 4 00
Rhubarb ... 1 00 @ 1 25
Salts Tartar ... 18 @ 20
Saltpetre ... 10 @ 12
Senna ... 30 @ 35
Shellac ... 25 @ 30
Sulphur ... 3 @ 4
Vitriol, blue ... 10 @ 12
Vitriol, white ... 15 @ 18
Verdigrise ... 30 @ 35
Madeira, old ... 1 50 @ 2 00
Madeira, new ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Sherry ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Port ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Lisbon ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Teneriffe ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Claret, per doz. ... 1 00 @ 1 50
Champagne ... 12 00 @ 15 00
FEATHERS per lb.
Live Geese ... 37½ @ 40
Live Ducks ... 25 @ 30
FLAXSEED per bush. ... 1 00 @ 1 10
FLOUR per bbl.
Penn'a ... 5 75 @ 6 00
Ohio ... 5 75 @ 6 00
Baltimore, wharf ... 5 75 @ 6 00
Baltimore, retail ... 6 00 @ 6 25
Fancy ... 6 25 @ 6 50
Genesee ... 6 25 @ 6 50
Genesee, retail ... 6 50 @ 6 75
Rye ... 4 00 @ 4 25
Rye, Penn'a ... 4 00 @ 4 25
Rye, Jersey ... 4 00 @ 4 25
Corn Meal ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Penn'a ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Jersey ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Brandywine ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Alexandria ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Georgetown ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Fredericktown ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Petersburg ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Richmond ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Fayetteville ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Charleston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Augusta ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Savannah ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Mobile ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, New Orleans ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Natchez ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Nashville ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Louisville ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Cincinnati ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Pittsburg ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Boston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Portland ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Hallowell ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Augusta ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Bangor ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Eastport ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, St. John ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Halifax ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Quebec ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Montreal ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Kingston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Toronto ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Hamilton ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, London ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Detroit ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Chicago ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Milwaukee ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Green Bay ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Prairie du Chien ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Dubuque ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Galena ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, St. Louis ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Memphis ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Vicksburg ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Jackson ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Baton Rouge ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Natchitoches ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Shreveport ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Little Rock ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Fort Smith ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Austin ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Houston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Galveston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Matamoras ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Monterey ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Saltillo ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Mexico ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Vera Cruz ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Tampico ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Havana ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Matanzas ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Cardenas ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Trinidad ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Cienfuegos ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Santiago ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Port au Prince ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Jacmel ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Gonaives ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Cape Haytien ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Port Royal ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Kingston ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Montego Bay ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Falmouth ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Savanna la Mar ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Black River ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Port Antonio ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Port Maria ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Ocho Rios ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Port Morant ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Morant Bay ... 3 75 @ 4 00
Corn Meal, Bath

**Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.**

### MOLLY CAREW.

BY A. LOVER.

Ooh hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love will crown
Like a bird in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis divarse and not sleep that comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame?
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky.
And by this and by that,
For the master o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Ooh hone! wurrasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Ooh hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
Whose your nose I delate
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put in rhyme,
Tho' there's one Bhaze, he says, that would call it
snub-nose—
And then, for your cheek!
Truth, 'twould take him a week
In beauties to tell, as he'd richer.
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, as we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Ooh hone! wurrasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Ooh hone! by the man in the moon,
You fazer me always
That a woman can plase,
I or you dance worse as high we with that thief, Pat Mahone,
And when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate,
For time the awful chase
Would'st plase you your partner to tease me.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you cross,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew.

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet, pretty face get a peep:
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll rave on it,
The loss of my wandering senses!
Ooh hone! wurrasthru!
Ooh hone! like an owl!
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Ooh hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare, if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd be quite surprised,
To think 'twas for you was coming to it!
And faith Kaity Nale,
And her cow, I gr. ha',
Would jump if I'd say
"Kaity Nale, name the day!"

And the' you're fer and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark, like a cold winter's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is o'er I'll marry for spite!
Ooh hone! wurrasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night!

The following anecdote of Dr. Franklin is not generally known: Being in England in 1776, he met with a nobleman who would satisfy the Americans! He answered that he accompanied by a few re-asonable—thin—

—ratal your forces,
—ounce Cassie William,
—pay the damages done to Boston,
—pent your unconstitutional acts,
—ake away all preposterous taxes,
—and the duties extorted; infer the
—pirit and
—reeve payment for the destroyed tea,
—ith the voluntary grant of the colonies,
and then
—pose in a happy
—onciliation.

"Teddy, my boy, it sures how many cheese there is in this tea, do' faith, I'll give you the whole lot."

"Fine, to be sure."

"Arah by my soul I had luck to the man that told it."

Concussion.—In one of Frederick the Great's battles, the horse of his negroe was killed by a cannon, and it wasn't at all thought the ruler was slain. "Ah!" said the king, riding by without stopping, "there's the Prince of Prussia killed, let his soldier and bridle be taken care of."

"Is dis all de Post Office dar is in dis place, Sir?" said a colored nose dirkey, he stood on the wrong side of the Post Office, the other day. "Yes sar—certainly," said we. "Takes a heap to 'stroy dis Post Office, don't see how you does get along and tib, sar, wid only one Post Office."

A Word to a Young Man.—How often are we pained to see young men, after the issuance of the day of school, assuming several indescribable places of resort! when the hours they nightly devote to the pursuit of pleasure, if concentrated, might be an ample fund, invested in the cultivation of their minds. A young man who starts right, is less fearful of being left behind in time, which he might devote to reading and writing. No sage for good counsel in the age of manhood, and remains unmarried five years, he will then have to assume position during this time never improved, and then hooded hours. What stores of knowledge might be acquired in that period. How many hours of information might be obtain. Even after he marries, no excuse there no doubt is from an opportunity of instructing himself in the arts and sciences.

The New Michigan Intelligencer publishes a call for a meeting of the citizens to request "boodoing" and very true place, and compels the Mason to second the call of the following stanza—

"For now it's not possible—
Not even jackrabbits;
And those who would travel it,
Should have out and gravel it."

A young aquintance to the shoe making business, made known his master what answer he should make to the oldest question, "How's trade?" "Why," said the master, "tell them that I warrant them to be very good and if they don't, that I will make them *good* for nothing."

"I've a dash deer that—" as the Irish said to the Gander, on the Giraffe declared she could'nt stoop to converse with him.

A Yankee Horse.—He never tried to do any thing and could'nt. And so getting he can do that and begin again when the others have off. No one among his mates ever got a pike over any thing but the critter's tail when he was aloud and did'nt choose to be over-taken. He'll go nice under a moderate exercise at full speed, and will overtake a first-rate runner if made angry in water. He's cheap—you can't ride him, as near I seen; he hain't go by a bit nor whip before the man can look out to see if any thing is coming.

If you would have a suit for a short time, apply to your tailor for an order. And getting he can do that and begin again when the others have off. No one among his mates ever got a pike over any thing but the critter's tail when he was aloud and did'nt choose to be over-taken. He'll go nice under a moderate exercise at full speed, and will overtake a first-rate runner if made angry in water. He's cheap—you can't ride him, as near I seen; he hain't go by a bit nor whip before the man can look out to see if any thing is coming.

If you would have a suit for a short time, apply to your tailor for an order. And getting he can do that and begin again when the others have off. No one among his mates ever got a pike over any thing but the critter's tail when he was aloud and did'nt choose to be over-taken. He'll go nice under a moderate exercise at full speed, and will overtake a first-rate runner if made angry in water. He's cheap—you can't ride him, as near I seen; he hain't go by a bit nor whip before the man can look out to see if any thing is coming.

### FISH-BARGES OF ST. PETERSBURG.

A few pleces still remain to be mentioned. Of these barges, the floating house, near the Isaac Bridge, on which the fishy tribes are preserved alive in great numbers. The bottom of this large ark is composed of a square well, each descend to a distant kind of fair. Here may be seen the finny race swimming to and fro about in the comfy narrow, and a sly feel away from time to time finds himself in the centre of a group of islands, lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with mats and split planks. He anchors for a while at the island, of Catherine, but presently proceeds on his way gliding now in solemn state, and now impelled by the force of a shout gradually growing on the ear, until the breaking master and leaders of the crew, the rowing under a canvas by the shore formed into canoe just touches the bank. The scene of the morning's farewell is full of life and bustle, and the disembarkation is completed.

Of passing fragments tumbling from on high."

Such are the great features of the missionary's course, and such the spirit of the "Far West," which, and he regrets for a time from his long and toilsome journey."

### JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell on the following expedient to settle his ball in motion. He strung upon his horse once a day, and, after riding a short distance, fell from his horse. After an absence of an hour he would return and carry with him some of the instruments—thinking that if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who rather suspected the device to save practising gentlemen the trouble of such work, he accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next day, when the doctor was about to mount, the wag ran round and placed himself on the pressing gentleman's tool. The doctor was not disconcerted at his heels, but did not at first evince any satisfaction. At length, however, he began to admonish the wag in a narrow lane. The pommel followed on like noise and gesticulation—but the doctor was not discouraged. At another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned, and the wag, who was still in the rear, turned the angle of the wood, he found a few men in readiness, who, on the return of a fashionable bell, blood gushed from a hateful wound in his arm. The doctor was in a very short time on the spot, and, after a deal of unmeaning consolation. The young doctor agreed from his bed to see the wounded man home for his self-esteem was raised and his life saved. The pommel had received a severe contusion, and the physician found on the last landing, he looked up into his face and exclaimed "Why! darky, my fellow, that I was about to operate upon."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and, after assuring the wounded man home he held forth a memorandum of his charges, which he presented to the young physician's person not only for exhibiting his superficial practice, but for the use of his horse for superficial practice, but for the use of his horse for superficial practice, but for the use of his horse for